

We enter the story in Part One, but we're going to make a slight adjustment to how things were set up on television. Mike Yates has brought Sarah to the lamastery intending to send her back with a message to UNIT that there is something fishy going on. But Sarah insists on seeing the problem with her own eyes. When Lupton tries to scare them off, it's she and not Mike who turns tail, ostensibly scurrying off to catch her train home, but actually intending to double back and return to the grounds surreptitiously. Mike is clearly unsure about it all, but Sarah won't be argued with, so he stops his car at the back of the lamastery.

Sarah then sees something she didn't bargain for: a high wall. Realizing that she's going to have to climb, she looks down at her skirt. 'Not exactly dressed for it, am I?'

Mike grins and meshes his hands to give her a lift up onto the wall. 'You know,' he says, largely to distract her from the fact that her skirt is riding up her thighs, 'I was rather hoping you'd persuade the Doctor to come along and take a look.'

By now Sarah is atop the wall and reaching a hand down for Mike. 'I'm not **only** the Doctor's assistant, you know,' she bristles as he climbs up beside her. 'I am an investigative journalist in my own right. I can look into it for myself, thank you very much.' And with that she jumps down the other side of the wall.

Mike joins her. 'Well, you know how the Doctor gets when his assistants put themselves in danger. I would say "Be it on your own head," but that's not quite the right expression.'

'Come again?'

'Let's just say that, when you tell him about this little jaunt, it will be best for you if he's in a good mood.'

'What d'you mean, if he's in a good mood,' she asks, though she has an awkward suspicion...

'Well, love, if you really **are** the Doctor's assistant as you say, I think you already know,' he says with a raised eyebrow. And to make himself clear, he gives her a light, openhanded slap on the middle of her bottom.

Sarah's eyes blaze. 'Watch it!' It's not just the smack that riles her; it's the realization that the whole of UNIT must know she gets spanked. And then there's the most recent spanking, as they were leaving the planet Peladon, with her panties around her thighs, and her bottom completely... She gives an involuntary shudder at a memory not to be cherished, an experience she hopes never to be repeated.

She lifts a hand to slap his face, but Mike catches her wrist and looks her in the eye. 'I can do worse than that if you're not careful,' he snaps.

Any lingering doubt about what he means vanishes from Sarah's mind, but what she says next is never the wisest thing to say in these situations: 'You wouldn't dare!'

'Oh, wouldn't I?' snaps Mike. 'I've spanked Jo Grant in my time and I can spank you too!'

And in an instant, he is sitting on a tree trunk and she is across his knee. She emits a protesting squeak as she feels him pulling her skirt up, the still slightly chilly spring air gently nipping at the bare skin of her thighs.

Sarah's emotions yaw wildly about. Mike Yates is looking at her panties! But at least she put on a sensible pair today, nothing too frivolous. At least he isn't pulling them down like the Doctor did last time. But she is still going to be spanked! And outdoors too – anybody might be watching!

Mike's pulse races at the sight of Sarah's trim buttocks, but he knows better than to be diverted from his purpose, and delivers a sharp slap across the taut white cotton of her lace-trimmed panties. And with that slap, and the twelve that follow, all of Sarah Jane's complex feelings narrow down to one simple fact. She is being spanked again. And it hurts.

It gets worse after smack number 13. Sarah squeals and blushes as she sees a loping figure approaching through the woods. Mike is too preoccupied with smacking the curvy white target area to notice until the newcomer speaks:

'Hello, Sarah Jane Smith. You been naughty?'

Mike's eyes snap away from Sarah's bottom, to see Tommy the half-witted handyman shambling towards them. He hastily yanks Sarah's skirt back down and lets her struggle to her feet. She shoots him a murderous look, then turns her attention to Tommy and tries to think how best she can stop him blabbing about what he has seen.

'Yes, Tom, I was very naughty,' she says, 'so Mr Yates had to spank me.'

Tommy wags a finger. 'Naughty girl!' he smirks.

'But if anyone else gets to hear about it, they might think I need *another* spanking,' she continues, shuddering inwardly at the idea. 'And that wouldn't be fair, would it, Tom?' She takes it slowly so that Tommy can follow her. 'So you won't tell anyone, will you?'

Tommy looks confused, but puts a finger to his lips and makes a shushing

sound. 'Tom won't tell no one, naughty girl,' he says, and lopes away to do his handyman's chores.

'And if anything deserves another good spanking it's that shameless piece of deception,' says Mike.

Sarah's temper snaps: 'You lay a finger on me again, Mike Yates, and I'll...' But then, thinking better of it, she bites her lower lip for a moment and calms herself down. 'Look, you asked me to come here and investigate, so let's get on with it, shall we?'

'Just a joke, love,' he says as she strides towards the back entrance, intent on her mission to the cellar. Sarah thinks to herself that her smarting bottom doesn't feel like he was joking, but now she has other things to do...

We move on now to the next day, and the next episode. Sarah is now wearing her gray pantsuit. She arrives at UNIT and shows her pass to the guard. The Brigadier is passing and, not for the first time, wonders what possessed him to grant the Doctor's request and allow a reporter access to a top secret establishment. But Sarah gives him a cheery smile: 'Morning, Brigadier! Just popped in to see the Doctor. In a good mood, I hope?'

A jump cut to the laboratory establishes immediately that the Doctor is not in a good mood. Sarah is over his lap with her gray pants around her knees. The round seat of her bright red panties quivers with every smack

'That was an appallingly dangerous thing to do, Sarah Jane,' he admonishes as he spans. 'And what have I told you about putting yourself into danger?' The only response is a yelp or squeal with each percussive slap.

Outside, the men of UNIT go about their business, with no hint of curiosity about the unequivocal noises that can be heard coming from the lab. If not an everyday event, it is a sound they are all know very well.

The Doctor's palm slaps down again, and again, and again. The thought flits across Sarah's mind that her choice of panties has not done her any good after all.

(Flashback to Sarah's bedroom that morning. She has just spent the night sleeping facedown after the attentions of Mike Yates yesterday, and she knows there's a chance she might be getting another spanking from the Doctor today. She hopes it won't be like the last one she had from him... For a moment she considers taking precautions with an extra pair of panties or three, but that's bound to be discovered and then she will have brought another bare bottom spanking on herself... She doesn't know how he does it, but she realizes by now that if the Doctor spans

her he is going to see her panties, even if she wears a pantsuit. Best to dress for the occasion, just in case... She reaches for another sensible white pair, then changes her mind and looks for something more feminine. Pink panties come to her fingers' ends, and she shudders at the memory of that time in medieval England when wearing them got her a longer, harder spanking than she would have otherwise... And then a bright idea hits her, and she decisively pulls out a scarlet pair...)

Back to the present, and Sarah's bottom is now bright red in more ways than one. With no chance of wriggling free from under the Doctor's powerful hand, she decides to try something else. From her prone, horizontal position she looks around the lab, hoping to see something to concentrate on. Her eye lights on an object she hasn't seen before: the blue Metebelis sapphire on the Doctor's workbench. If only she can fix all her attention on that, maybe it will take her mind off the stinging smacks that are still scorching her situpon... She screws up her face with the effort - and the crystal fades out of existence as if it was never there.

'Doctor!' she yells. SMACK! 'Owww!! That crystal!' SLAP!! 'Ouch!!! It's vanished!' SPANK!!! 'Owwwwww!!!!'

The Doctor's eyes snap to the side and he sizes up the situation. In a trice, Sarah is upright and on her feet. Her unfastened pants drop to her ankles. 'There's no time to be lost, Sarah Jane,' he says, and dashes out of the laboratory door.

Sarah starts to reach down to pull up her pants, but her journalistic instinct snaps into play. If she wastes time dressing, the Doctor will be gone and she will lose the story. Without hesitation or thought, she steps out of the pants and follows him with bare legs. It's going to be a long chase after Lupton, and she's going to be doing the whole of it in her panties. Sitting down in the various vehicles is going to be a challenge too...

On to Part Three now, and Sarah is undeterred from investigating first and telling the Doctor afterwards... She follows Lupton down to the cellar, leaving a message for the Doctor with Tommy. But by the time Tommy manages to deliver it, the message has deteriorated a bit: 'Naughty girl,' he says. 'In the cellar.'

Fortunately the Doctor is something of a genius. 'Naughty girl? He can only mean Sarah!'

'Why do you call her "Naughty girl", Tommy?' asks Cho-Je gently.

'Needs a spanking,' smirks Tommy. Then his face drops as he remembers he wasn't supposed to say that.

'If she's in that cellar she certainly does,' snaps the Doctor, and heads for

the door. But by the time he gets downstairs, she is already standing on the prayer mat and caught in its power. 'Sarah, get off that mandala!' he shouts.

'I can't!' she says, unsteady on her feet as the psychic forces begin to pluck her across space and time.

'Do as I say!' snaps the Doctor. But Sarah just vanishes into the ether.

The Doctor turns to Yates. 'There's no time to be lost. I'm going back to UNIT HQ to get the TARDIS. And when I catch up with that young lady...'

Mike nods. 'She'll have to type up her story sitting on a two-foot block of foam rubber,' he grins.

The Doctor just looks grim. 'Goodbye, Captain Yates,' he says, and hurries back to his car.

On we go to the end of the episode. Sarah has been caught by the Spider Queen, when the TARDIS materializes and the Doctor comes out. Sarah sees the look on his face and at once her feelings of relief are alloyed with apprehension. She has been rescued, but once he gets her back into the TARDIS, it is clearly going to be another spanking for her. She gulps audibly as he walks towards her, remembering what happened the last time she was dragged by the ear into the blue box...

Then one of the guards prods the Doctor with his blue jewelled stick. The Doctor is forced to acknowledge the Spider Queen, but then a fight breaks out, which ends with the Doctor getting a bolt of blue fire in the back. Sarah's mixed feelings grow more acute: she's relieved that she's not going to be spanked anytime soon, but she **hates** the idea that the cause of her deliverance seems to be the death of the Doctor...

So what this means is that, in the next episode, Sarah is even more brave in the Spanking Adventure version than she was on television. She risks her life to get the machine from the TARDIS that will cure the Doctor, even though she **knows** he's going to give her a spanking when he recovers and fears that, what's more, she might get it on her bare bottom again. And after she's captured, she's still pleased to see the Doctor when she thinks he has arrived to rescue her from the spiders' larder, only to be downcast on learning that he is a prisoner too. After all, some things are worse than being soundly spanked...

Sarah isn't herself when she is finally reunited with the Doctor and free of the cobweb cocoons. For one thing, she has acquired the trick of teleportation, something that doesn't go unnoticed with the Doctor. He may be less conscious than we are of how Sarah now seems completely without apprehension at going into the TARDIS with him, as if the prospect of her impending spanking has been forgotten. And maybe it

has, by the Doctor, because he simply takes her back to Earth with no attempt to exact due retribution. Is he letting her off in gratitude for saving his life, or is there something else going on...?

Forward now to Part Six, and the Doctor and Sarah are with Abbot K'anpo. He opens his hand to reveal that he has the blue crystal. Sarah reaches out to snatch it, but before she can do so the Doctor's hand encircles her wrist. 'That's what I've been waiting to see, Sarah Jane,' he says, and within seconds she is upended across his knee with her beige pants lowered. The red and white stripes of her cotton panties, matching her top, curve magnificently around her bottom. And then the flat of the Doctor's hand smacks down...

The screech of pain is not in Sarah's usual voice. 'Release me,' she shrills. 'Release me, I say!'

The Doctor's only reply is another sharp slap across the striped panties. The Spider voice starts to wheedle, but the Doctor continues to spank. Sarah's bottom bounces with each impact. Finally the Spider Queen materializes on Sarah's back. The Doctor deftly flicks the creature off and it starts to scuttle away, only to be shriveled by a blast of mental power from K'anpo.

As Sarah snaps to her proper senses, the first thing she registers is gravity, then the fact that she seems to be supported only in the middle of her body... Her sinking feeling is confirmed when she becomes aware of the constriction at her knees and the tenderness of her bottom: somehow she's woken up in the middle of a spanking! She wonders, can it be a bad dream? She clears her throat. 'Excuse me,' she says, 'what am I being spanked for?'

'You were possessed by the Queen of the Spiders,' says the Doctor. 'But I think you might know that already. I had to find a way of driving her out, exorcizing her if you like, without hurting you.'

Sarah gasps. 'Without hurting...?'

'Well, no serious harm, anyway. And a good spanking seemed somehow rather appropriate.'

Sarah gives her legs a little waggle, and the weight of fabric in the crook of her knees confirms that her pants have been taken down. But at least she can't feel the constriction of panty elastic, so it appears that the worst has not happened. To an observer, meanwhile, the leg movements look as if she's asking to be set on her feet, but the Doctor ignores this and carries on with his explanation.

'When it came to the point when the Queen couldn't bear it any longer,' he says, 'she let you go.'

‘That’s all very well, Doctor, but I seem to be the one who ends up with a sore bottom,’ she says ruefully. She waves her legs again in another tacit request to be let up.

‘And you think you don’t deserve it?’

Sarah freezes rigid. ‘Doctor!’ she protests, then squeals as the Doctor resumes the spanking, but this time with smart, staccato slaps instead of the relentless piledriving he administered to the Spider Queen. Sarah yelps and waves her legs, but the spanking continues for another minute before the Doctor relents and sets her on her feet. Just like last time, her pants drop from her knees to her ankles. She bends down to pull them up, then winces as she draws them over her tender rump and fastens them tight. It has been a very hard spanking, for all that it was not administered on her bare bottom. ‘I’ll never sit down again,’ she says. ‘Never!’

‘Time changes all things, my dear Miss Smith,’ says K’anpo.